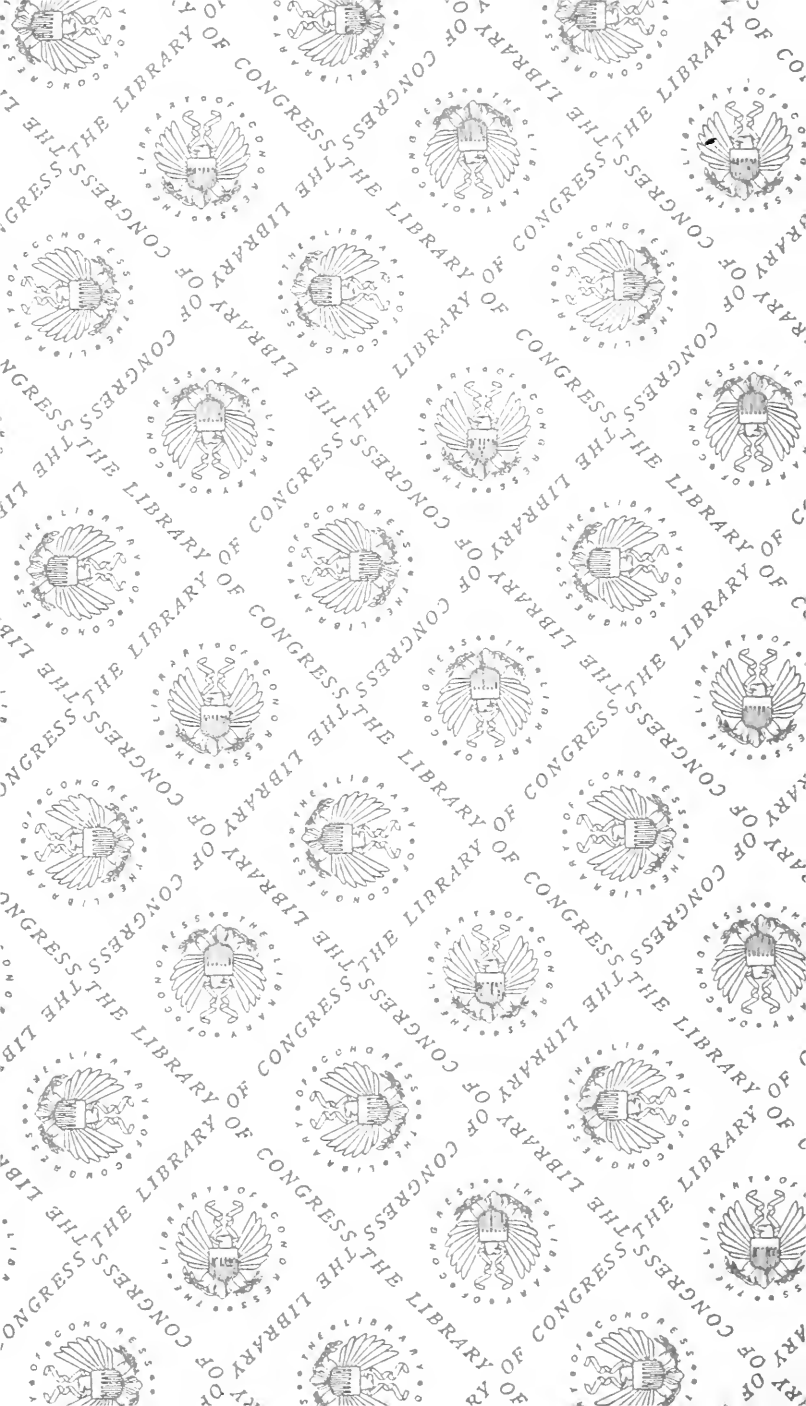
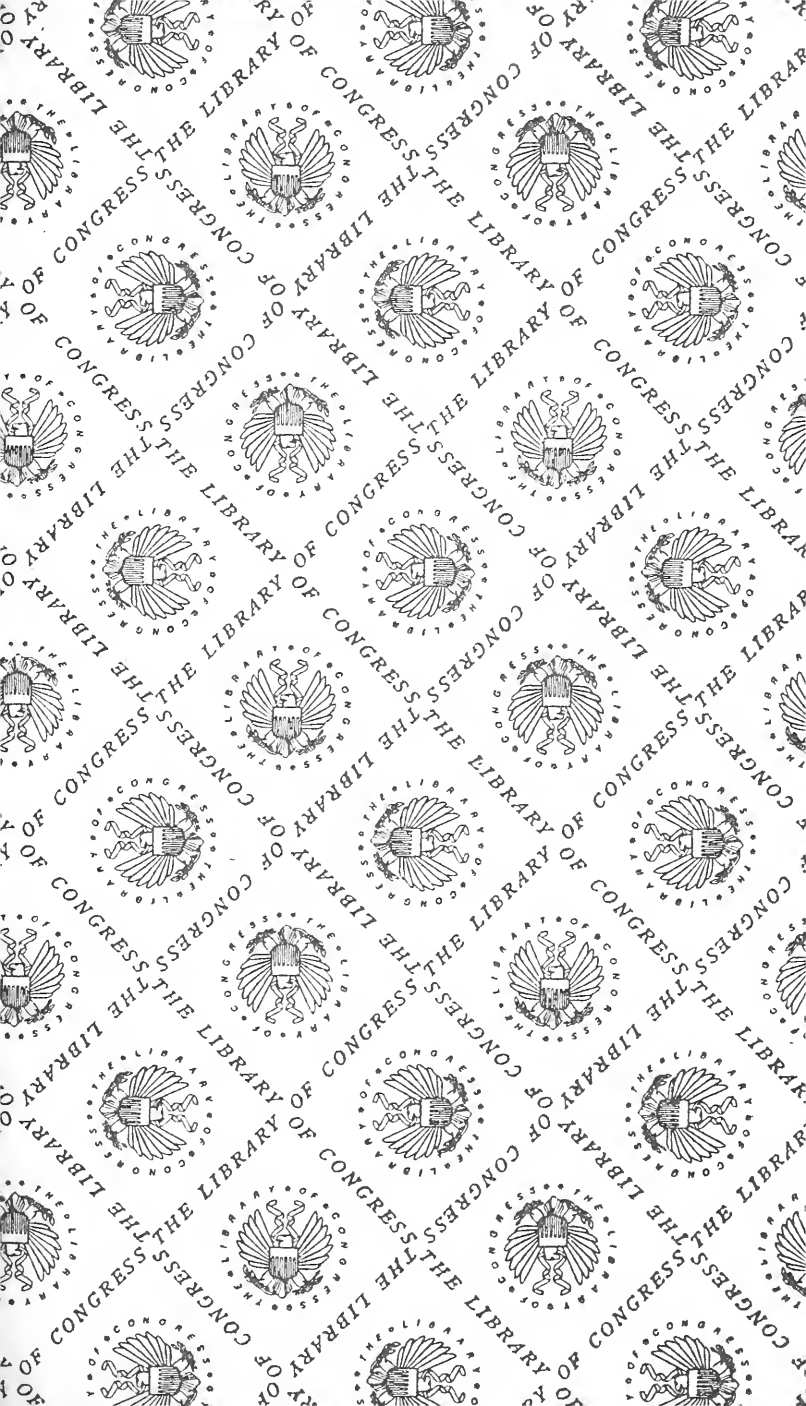


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Halls of Peace:

A POEM.

✓
BY OSCAR F. WISNER.
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the Western District of Michigan.

Office of the Literary and Scientific Association,
HUBBARDSTON, MICH.,

March 27th, 1868.

O. F. WISNER, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—The Literary and Scientific Association of Hubbardston, desirous of fostering literary merit, and wishing to treasure among its archives those peculiar efforts which mark its early history, respectfully ask you to secure the publication of the Poem on "THE GREAT REBELLION," which you read before it on the evening of the 10th inst.

Hoping you will find it convenient to gratify our request and thus enable us to preserve your labors among us,

We are very truly,

Your Obedient Servants,

J. J. ROBBINS, *President*,
ELMORE PALMER, *Vice President*,
E. W. DODGE, *Cor. Secretary*,
A. D. LUCE, *Sec. and Treasurer*.

HUBBARDSTON, MICH., March 28th, 1868.

Messrs. J. J. ROBBINS, ELMORE PALMER, E. W. DODGE and A. D. LUCE:—

GENTLEMEN—Yours of the 27th, requesting a publication of my Poem on the Great Rebellion, read before the Literary and Scientific Association of Hubbardston, is received. Experience teaches us that the literary productions of men are like their other labors, imperfect; and that it is easier to pull down an edifice than to construct one. Its finely proportioned columns may be scorched and blackened by fire, and its chambers that once echoed the merry voices of festivity become silent forever. I have carefully avoided every thing that shall have the appearance of a partizan character, and have spoken of men and scenes as I find them recorded in History. It is with great hesitancy that I consent to the publication of this Poem, knowing its many imperfections; but as you have asked it, I am forced to believe that you at least deem it worthy of publication, and therefore I comply with your request.

Yours very respectfully,

OSCAR F. WISNER.

TO THE

Hon. Jacob M. Howard,

THIS POEM

Is Respectfully Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.

HUBBARDSTON, MICH., }
March, 1868.

BOOK FIRST.



HALLS OF PEACE.

BOOK FIRST.

"Freedoms banner torn, yet flying, streams
Like a thunder cloud before the wind."

I.

HE that hath stood beneath the lofty dome
That overlooks Potomac's shining wave,
May see upon the wall as once they shone
In sunlight of the past the honored brave;
And o'er the chain of Hist'ry link by link
Tread through the silent halls deserted now,
And listen to the falling falchion's clink
That smote to dust the chieftain's stormy brow.

II.

Come, white-robed Peace! thine olive branch display
And reign with us as once in brighter day.
Reign; from Atlantic's hollow-sounding shore
To where Pacific's glittering billows roar.
From the blue waves that wash our Southern strand
To Lake Superior on our Northern land;
May ev'ry sister State hosannahs sing
And each for each her peaceful olive bring.

III.

Bend from thy throne of beauty in the skies
And bid our bleeding Nation once more rise,
And tread the paths of glory 'long with thee
Chanting the songs of love and liberty,
That once were heard at morn along the shore
Of either Ocean, mingled with the roar
Of waves, that broke in floods of silver hue
From their unfathomed beds of matchless blue.

IV.

We saw thy temple once in grandeur rise
Its bright dome reaching to the vaulted skies,
With pillars tall that bore the golden roof
On Titan shoulders clad in mail of proof;
Its gates of snowy white stood open wide
And o'er its threshold poured a Nation's tide;
Whilst off'rings such as thou alone required
Blazed upward on a hundred altars fired.

V.

And joy within, above, and all around
Beamed like the light on Chao's depths profound
When He commanded : " Come forth and shine ! "
Along the ever-silent shores of time
To distant planet ; where no Sun had shone,
But realms of darkness on their shadow throne
Sat frowning o'er the dreary void that lay
Like night upon the glorious orb of day.

VI.

"Twas then that commerce floated on the seas
With white wing spread to catch the balmy breeze,
Laden with treasures from the Eastern clime
And yellow sands washed out from darkened mine ;
With precious gems ; rich coronal for queen,
Sparkling like drops of dew on meadow green,
And cloths of velvet, shawls and richest lace,
That deck in beauty, beantie's fairest race.

VII.

Ships hailed each other on their wat'ry way
And found an answer mayhaps, "from Cathay,"
"And homeward bound," rejoicing in that word
That swells the human heart with one accord.
"And tell us whither thou, and from what port?"
In friendly speech; the 'costed ships retort,
"From Boston we, and to Marsailles are bound"—
Then hastes away o'er silent seas profound.

VIII.

Fair cities sprang to life when thou wast here;
Where roamed the panther and the tawny deer;
Forests whose giant sons had stood the gaze
Of lightnings in their frantic midnight blaze,
Were swept away by woodman's flashing stroke;
The tall majestic pine and hardier oak,
Down to the Earth have bowed their lofty head
And sleep in quiet in their leafy bed.

IX.

And on the spot where Indian warrior wooed
His dusky mate in language known to love ;
Now gilded spire points to the glowing skies
And bids the good in heart to God arise ;
And where the prowling wolf's long midnight cry
Broke on the stillness of the star-lit sky,
The school boy's laugh rang out its merry peal
As homeward he returned at evening meal.

X.

Then fadeless glories of our Nation shone
Whose ships ploughed ev'ry sea in ev'ry zone ;
Whose forests dark in dust were leveled low
And o'er their tomb was heard the grating plow ;
Precursor of the harvest's golden sheaf
And rich reward of labor hard yet brief :
Such in thy happy reign O ! Goddess, when ;
Peace rose at morn and dwelt in love 'mong men.

XI.

And more than these, lo ! yonder marble pile (1)
Whose burnished top receives the sun's first smile
As from the gates of day his glit'ring car
Leaps the blue wave that crested shines afar ;
Cheering with light the wood and winding stream,
And rousing up a Nation from its dream ;
Darting his beams at dim and fleeing night
Around the world 'mid flaming rays of light.

XII.

In sight of Vernon's ever-honored grave (2)
This temple stands, by old Potomac's wave,
Whose waters sparkle in the sun's red ray
As to the Ocean caves they take their way ;
Whilst on its flood the silent bark is seen
To spread its whitened canvass o'er the stream,
Impelled by unseen hand o'er liquid plain
Freighted with treasures of the distant main.

XIII.

And in this palace hall what paintings shine! (3)
No victor's spoil from subjugated clime,
But on the wall in flashing light arrayed
The glowing canvass spreads its breathing shade;
That tells of pioneer on dizzy height,
Who gazes out upon the plains of light,
With banners set with stars hung out on high
From rocky battlements that pierce the sky;

XIV.

Whilst streams of silver wind along the base
Of mountain high and flash in laughing chase,
And lakes of glass that sleep above the cloud
And weave at night the phantom's misty shroud;
Whilst colors of the rainbow mix and blend
In beauty as the Artist's thoughts extend;
Yet true to Nature in her varied form
Whether in sunshine or the sweeping storm.

XV.

Behold ! where life-like painting hangs on high
Demands a pause of stranger passing by,
And asks of him a moment of his time ;
One glance at least at Freedom's holy shrine,
Reared in the dim woods solitary wild
Oppression's nursling ! Plymouth's first born child !
Brought up mid rocks on Ocean's stormy strand
Now giant vast ; an Ocean in each hand.

XVI.

Who that hath looked upon such glorious sight
And seen this group stand out in Freedom's light
On board the May-Flower, queen of boundless seas
Like eagle gray that soars above the breeze,
And felt not in his heart a generous thrill
Of happiness, like sunshine on the hill,
A base born wretch must be ! unfit to stand
Where Freedom's temple decks our smiling land.

XVII.

Or who that saw them when on foreign coast
They sadly stood ; of Europe's peerless boast,
Whose skies forever shine, whose fields of grain
Wave their gold locks from sea to distant main ;
Where the prond lord in his baronial hall
Held nightly wassail and giddy bachanal ;
And felt not ; that on her thinly peopled deck
Walked King's and Queen's 'mid Ocean's tossing wreck.

XVIII.

Unworthy should be called ; a hireling slave !
Whose soul unused to 'sociate with the brave,
Skims 'long the earth from whence it basely came
Like marshy beam of phosphorescent flame ;
And never soars up where the eagle flies
Amid the burning blaze of cloudless skies ;
But ever seeks the lowest, vilest place
Where from the gaze of heroës hides his face.

XIX.

Look we in pride around this costly hall,
Where glows the canvass on the marble wall ;
A picture of the past and one that tells
How silent in the heart of woman dwells
The flame of love ; brightest in morn of youth ;
Like diamond in the dust, or godlike truth,
That shines like star when daylight leaves the skies,
And flashes 'mid ten thousand tinselled lies.

XX.

Lo ! the fair Indian—Pocahontas called—
Falls at his side 'mid terrors unappalled
And clasps him in her arms ; that doomed man !
Who trod the paths of glory in the van ;
And taught the native of Virginia's soil
How God rewards the lab'ers honest toil,
And how the unseen power that dwells
Far from our searching glance in mystic cells,

XXI.

Rules the vast world and worlds above our own,
And realms of darkness on their sombre throne.
How the bright sun fades into deepest night
On flaming car and shorn of all his light ;
And queen of starry fields and silent sky
By hosts convoyed that keep her company,
Is suddenly eclipsed and shadows spread
Their sable curtain 'round the Indians' head.

XXII.

Here superstition rears its granite rock
And Smith is placed upon the fatal block ;
Above his head the war club swings around
Laden with death and horrid fancies crowned ;
When lo ! the Indian girl, her arms flung wide
Springs to his neck and stays the purple tide :
Suspended is the blow ; as gentle form
Bends o'er the brave like bow beneath the storm.

XXIII.

Love has prevailed ; the monarch's iron soul
Feels the pure flames that through his bosom roll,
And captive bound, and ready now to die,
Rises erect and lifts to heaven his eye ;
Whilst she ; his guardian angel sweetly smiles
And dreams of Ocean's fairest wave-washed isles ;
With him to live and be his welcome guest
Where the rude winds forever sleep at rest.

XXIV.

Hope sits enthroned upon her youthful brow
Mingled with love that hides 'mid blushes now ;
Love : chaste as once in flow'ry Eden shone
When God to Adam gave the blooming one ;
Unspotted by the world and pure as light
That rose at his command from eldest night,
And brighter than the sparkling fountain, when,
Bubbling it gushes up from forest glen.

XXV.

Another painting finds her kneeling where
Flows water holy blending with prayer.
Spirit of truth! Emblem of life divine!
That lives beyond the changing tide of time.
This lovely being of the noble brave
Bends in prayer; of flesh and blood that save
Meekly partakes; she, Nature's forest queen,
Rainbow of beauty dazling in its sheen!

XXVI.

Look yonder now upon that fadeless scene,
'Neath giant elm; bedecked in brightest green,
There we see Penn and near him stalwart chief
Of warrior tribe with language strange and brief.
The calumet of peace each smokes in turn
And then affection's fires begin to burn;
An open talk beneath the spreading tree
Is had; with Penn; truthful; his; wild and free.

XXVII.

And peace is quickly made and kept by all ;
No war whoop sounds, nor Indian's fearful call
From bush to thicket where the woodlands lend
A shelter to the red man's ambush'd friend ;
And confidence here walks 'mid sylvan scene
And halls that echo back the panther's scream :
Throughout this trackless waste and forest deep
Friendship and love their mountain fastness keep.

XXVIII.

Such was the picture of the faded past
And true to life; of beings that have fast
Melted away ; under the white man's blows ;
As melt beneath the sun April's light snows.
But peace and Penn will live forever still
Whispered by Pennsylvania's murm'ring rill,
And Indian warrior as he threads the glen
Hums in low strain the name of William Penn.

NOTES TO BOOK FIRST.

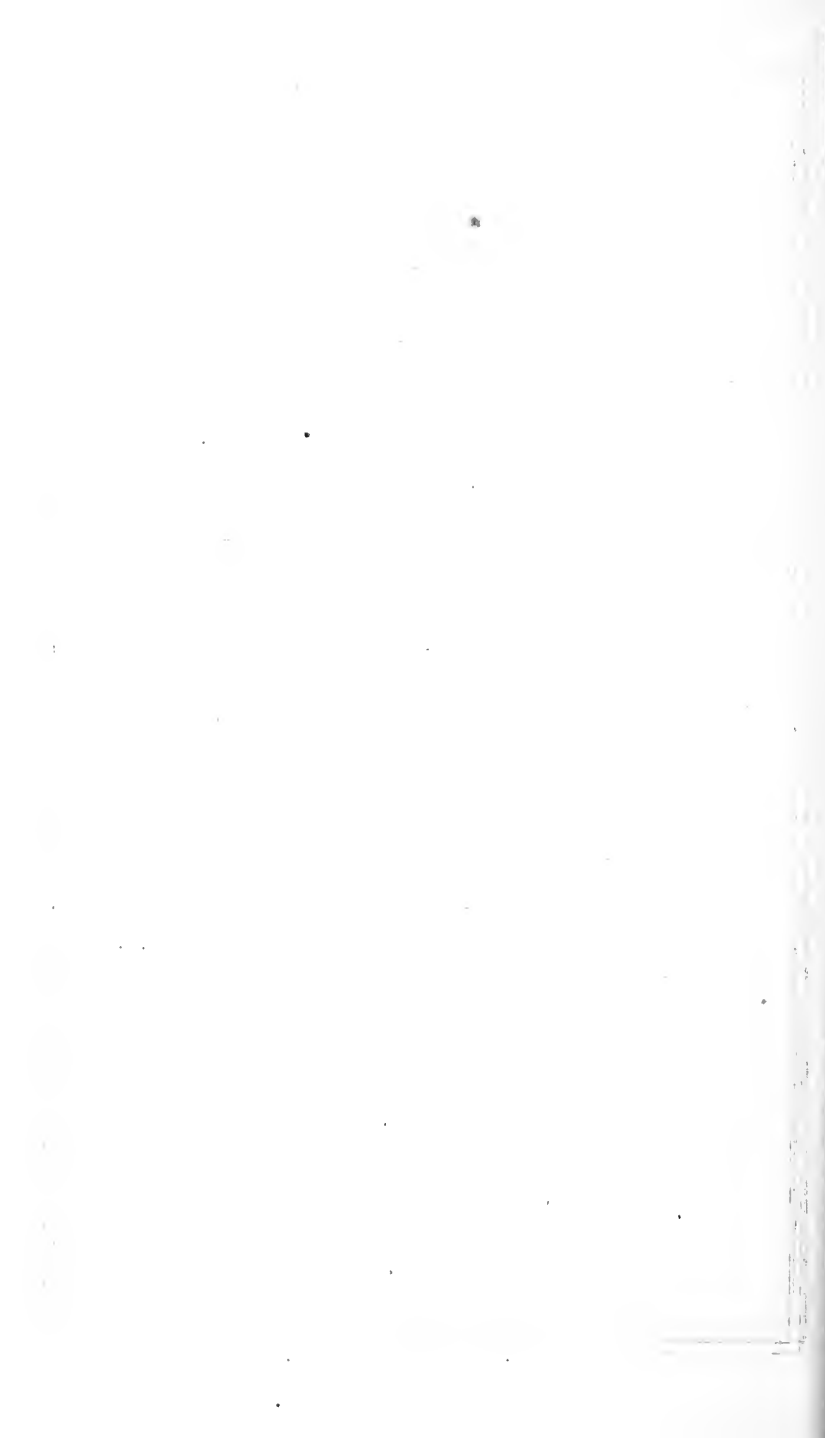
- (1) "And more than these; lo! yonder marble pile."
The Author here refers to the Capitol at Washington.

- (2) "In sight of Vernon's ever honored grave."

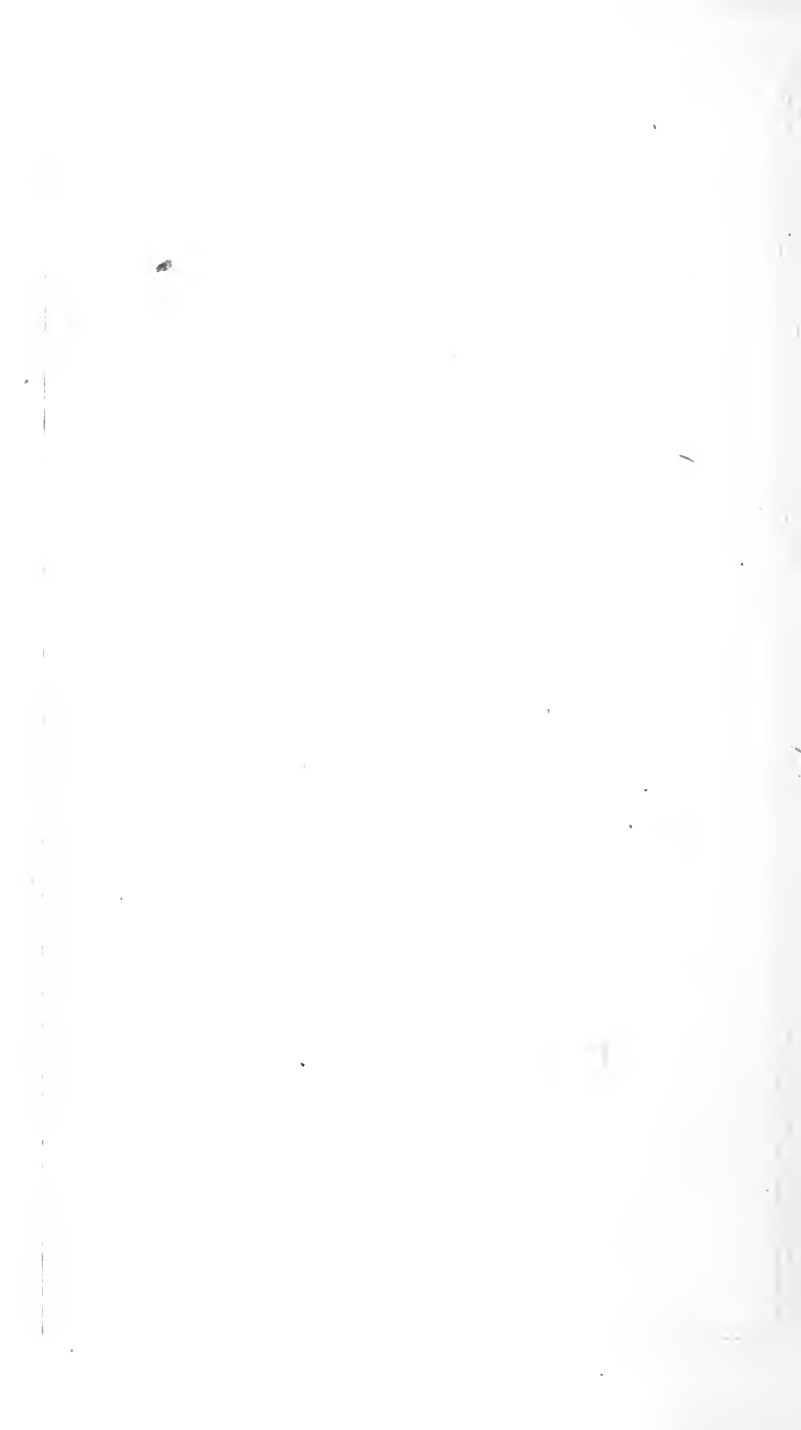
From the dome of the Capitol the eye can easily take in the sacred mount, where sleeps the Father of his Country, it being only fifteen miles from Washington.

- (3) "And in this palace hall what paintings shine."

In the rotunda of the Capitol are suspended from the wall beautiful and costly paintings; One representing the Landing of the Pilgrims from the May Flower; another the treaty of Peace made by William Penn and the Indian tribes of this new world, under the wide spread branches of an elm; whilst a third represents Captain John Smith; his head placed upon a rock, Powhattan standing by. As the uplifted club swings above his head ready to decend, the young daughter of the Monarch, Pocahontas, is seen with arms thrown around the neck of the captive, and his life is spared. As you reach the head of the grand stairway leading to the Senate Chamber, you may see a magnificent painting, representing the march of Civilization Westward. On the point of a rock that juts out into the clear sky overlooking the Pacific, is seen a pioneer waving in the breeze the banner of our Fathers.



BOOK SECOND.



HALLS OF PEACE.

BOOK SECOND.

"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred."

I.

But let us leave this consecrated hall
Where shadows deep spread out funereal pall
And bend our ear to slav'ry's bitter cry
That swells in moans above a Southern sky.
"Great God!" how slowly pass the years along;
Is there no respite from the master's wrong?
When will the bondman break his galling chain
And fling it on the dust in proud disdain?"

II.

Thus spoke the slave; and on his bed of straw
Tossed his dark form and curs'd the hated law;
For him, no ray of hope, no cheering sky;
But whips and chains and fearful agony.
Bright are the fields beneath a Southern sun;
But brighter yet the land he calls his own;
Far to the East where golden sunlight streams
From cloudless skies with fierce and burning beams.

III.

Two hundred years and more have rolled away
Since torn by av'rice from his sports at play;
And fetters on his limbs have rusted grown
Far from shimmering stream he called his own;
Where his swift bark from dewy morn 'till night
Swept 'long its liquid path with oar as light,
As the tall reed that bends its fragile head
To the soft wind that's from the sea breeze shed.

IV.

But who can paint the horrors that surround
The slave like Ocean's wat'ry depths profound?
When labors of the burning day are o'er
And he stretched out upon his cabin floor.
Unquiet slumbers crowd upon his brain
And darting pangs; the tyrant's latest pain;
That quick as thought along electric wire
Move o'er his nerves like living coals of fire.

V.

Or who can tell the mental anguish deep,
That o'er his spirit like a serpent creeps ;
When torn away from all he holds most dear
Not e'en allowed to shed a parting tear ;
As the proud master with his scorpion lash,
And eyes that like the tigers on him flash
Drives him to toil, beneath a blazing sky
Whose arches glow with fire when summers' nigh.

VI.

Who that hath felt the cheering rays of hope
That gild with gold the shadow hills remote ;
When the tired spirit sees the gates of day
Open 'mid light that drives the night away ;
That cannot feel how god-like is the hour
That breaks in twain the tyrant's hated power ;
When Freedom with her brow bedecked with flame
Shouts to the star-lit halls her honored name ;

VII.

Or roamed in foreign lands 'neath genial sky
Where hills and valleys fill'd his joyous eye ;
That knows not all the bondsman's dreadful woes
As to the field in terror's garb he goes ;
Scourged by a master with relentless soul
Who drives him on to horrors fearful goal ;
From early morn until the shades of night
With wing of darkness banishes the light.

VIII.

On thee, fair Science bends her gracious eye ;
To thee, the coming years with rapture cry ;
Their marble lips in mighty thunders speak
That long time's corridors in echoes break.
They bid thee rise and crown thy brow with fame
And spurn in dust the mention of thy name ;
The name of slave ! odious to thy God
Who rules the proud with despot's iron rod.

IX.

For thee, the halls of knowledge open wide;
And wisdom pours for thee exhaustless tide
Of gems and pearls like those of starry night;
When constellations many flash with light.
Shake from thy soul the horrors of the past
And stand a peer claiming thy rights at last;
Though crushed ; not lost, thy spirit yet will rise
And walk with Science God's celestial skies.

X.

Old Egypt through her seven-tongued Nile
Bids all thy dark-browed children wake and smile ;
Points to her fertile waves that flash in pride
Neath blazing Sun that gilds her flowing tide ;
Whispers of time when Science sat enshrined ;
Along her marble walks with Art entwined ;
Tells of past ages when on pinions white
Fair Science soared away 'mid fading light.

XI.

Circling are the years! velvet-footed time
Comes from the silent shores with tread sublime ;
Bearing on dewy front a wreath of gold
From his bright tent, whose doors of light unfold
And give him egress ; he the present makes,
And from his brow his crown the future takes ;
Thus the child of sorrow ; to-day in tears
To-morrow leaps with joy ; So are thy years,

XII.

Son of the darkened brow and downcast eye
Whose hour of Freedom 's dawned on Southern sky ;
And veil of sorrow breaks its dusky shroud
That fades before the free like subtle cloud.
A bannered host now tread the battle plain
Where tyrants shake their naked blade in vain ;
They welcome thee to all the rights of man
And bid thee lead in Freedom's fight the van.

XIII.

Thy cruel master, proud of his estate,
Treads his high halls with more than kingly gait ;
Or seated 'neath his patrimonial oak
That oft has seen the lightning's with'ring stroke ;
List'ning to syren voice of woman fair
Like harp Æolean, touched by the breath of air ;
Or Summer voices from the Southern breeze
On wing of gos'mer whisp'ring 'mong the trees.

XIV.

Such are the men whose palaces arise
High in heaven amid the brightest skies ;
Whose halls of marble, silent and sublime,
Are decked with paintings brought from ev'ry clime ;
Whose wide domains are verdant neath the Sun
In Southern lands to chilling frosts unknown ;
A race of Barons ! like old England's, when,
The Norman Standard waved o'er hill and glen.

XV.

Or those of Runnymede, where proud King John
The Royal Charter gave with half his crown ;
Lords of Chivalry ! that from sunny South
Threw down the gauntlet in the Lion's mouth ;
And opened wide the Janus gates of war
Fired their first gun, that thundered treason far
O'er the blue wave, and Sumpter's rocky wall. (1)
Reeled to its base beneath the cannon ball.

XVI.

'Tis dawn of day, and on the April breeze
That flutters incense from the sparkling seas,
Our silken banners float o'er Sumpter high
Like star-gem'd canopy of Winter's sky ;
When suddenly a sound that's borne away
On wing of fate along the sleeping bay :
Dread herald of the coming storm ! that now
With shadows fearful clouds our Nation's brow.

XVII.

From Moultrie's Fort; Point Pleasant; Johnston; flash
Secession guns in one continued crash;
And Cummings Point sends forth its storm of hail
On Sumpter's walls that 'neath its thunders quail;
Whilst Isle of Sullivan belches its hot, wrath
Of iron globes that clear the Ocean's path.
All day the pointed shot and howling shell
On rocky walls in vengeful fury fell.

XVIII.

Night cometh on, and still the fi'ry tide
Sweeps through the air in horrid circles wide;
A shroud of flame encompasseth her wall
As her grim guns to those of Charleston call.
O'er all her wooded works the wasting fire
Licks with red tongue in hot and burning ire;
And still 'mid cannons' smoke and battle flame
Gleam the bright stars of Liberty the same.

XIX.

Here Anderson like lion stands encaged
'Mid deadly missiles that round his fortress raged.
Environed by fire, he yet proudly sees
His battle ensign float upon the breeze—
Like martyr at the stake when the hot breath
Of flames feeds on his limbs, and death
Begins to wrap in mysterious web
The dying form from which the soul has fled.

XX.

But walls give way and Sumpter opens wide
Her battered gates to meet the Rebel tide.
Sumpter has fallen ! Treason lifts his hand,
All stained with blood, and shakes his smoking brand ;
Whilst quick as thought along the 'lectric wire
The words are sent on lightning wing of fire ;
From shores Atlantic to Pacific's coast
Flash the dread cry of mad Secession's boast.

XXI.

The little band of heroes, girt with fire,
Now 'neath the flag of Freedom slow retire
From out her crumbling walls as music free
Floats in bold numbers o'er the silent sea ;
Whilst o'er our Nation spreads a darkened pall,
As the sad news is heard of Sumpter's fall ;
But through the gloom the light of battle glows
From sea to sea, amid contending foes.

XXII.

From South Carolina swells the wild cry
That lifts the Cross and Bars 'neath Southern sky.
She, the proud mistress of the sunny clime,
Dips first her hand in Treason's hated crime.
Calls on her sister States, that sleep at ease
Along the golden shores of glassy seas,
And bids them rise and crown their peerless brow
With laurels fadeless, snatched from Tyrant now.

XXIII.

As when the felon lifts the flaming brand,
Or sees with blood besmeared his guilty hand,
Cowers 'neath the steady look of virtue's eye
And deems himself pursued when none are nigh :
Thus seems the traitor hedged about with thorns
And girt with lightning ; herald of the storms !
Sleepless his nights, on Treason's gory bed
As phantom shapes their pinions round him spread.

XXIV.

These are the names of those that fearless stood
And battled for the wrong through seas of blood :
The Carolina's—famed for valiant men
Whose deeds were writ by Hist'ry's truthful pen ;
When Albion, mistress of the wave, once tried
To sweep our flag from Ocean's swelling tide,
And sought to rule with iron hand the free
When her gay pennons whitened ev'ry sea.

XXV.

With sister Georgia, whose fertile land
Lies 'neath the sunbeam on her sea-girt strand ;
Near by where Florida with arms outspread
To clasp with floral charms the Ocean's bed :
She of the perfumed flower and fountain clear
Grasps in her rage the shield and glit'ring spear ;
Whilst Alabama shakes her golden hair
And springs to battle from her wat'ry lair.

XXVI.

And Mississippi ; she who nobly stood
And stayed the waves of slaughter like a flood ;
When Davis, Treason's Chief, in Mexico
At Buena Vista's fight checked the dread foe.
She, too, the golden bowl of faith denied
And drank no more of honor's crystal tide ;
But from the cup that Treason madly gave
Bathed her storm brow that freed the trembling slave.

XXVII.

And Louisiana; washed by the flood
That rolls in silver from the Northern wood;
With Texas young; she of the lonely star
That shone in battle red on flaming car
When the proud sons of Mexico in wrath
Besmeared with blood, the Texan hunter's path;
Spreads now her banners high as when the foe
Heard her wild shout "Remember Alamo!"

XXVIII.

And Tennessee; Arkansas by her side,
Leaps in the gulf of Treason's boiling tide;
With old Virginia; birth-place of the great!
Fallen at last from her exalted state:
Forgets that on her sacred soil once stood
Her honored Washington; the brave, the good,
Who from oppression snatched the bleeding form
Of Freedom girt with lightning and the storm.

XXIX.

Proudly at first they form their serried line
And march 'neath Cross and Bars to martial chime.
Like the long shore-bound wave from Ocean's bed
Thund'ring from far is heard their coming tread.
Each erring Sister of the sun-clad South
Hurls her black tempest from her cannons' mouth ;
To each assigned the direful task to prove
In battle fierce her faith, and hope, and love.

XXX.

As when the curtain of the future lifts
And shows to ardent youth the purple cliffs
That in their glowing beauty far-off lie
In pillars tall against the golden sky.
Land of bright dreams ! his boyish eye surveys
As on these distant hills he turns his gaze ;
Thus the proud Southron in the future sees
His Cross and Bars float ever on the breeze.

XXXI.

Like floods concentric move our bannered line
From North, South, East and West in ranks sublime.
Old Massachusetts wakes as from a trance,
And rays of lightning on her ensigns dance ;
Honored her sons, descendants of proud sires
Who won perpetual fame in Bunker's fires
And Lexington, when Freedom snatched her brand
And grappled with fierce England hand to hand.

XXXII.

Her gallant Sixth through streets of Baltimore
Take their war path now red with human gore.
Steady they march ; unyielding as the rock
That stands the lightning's and the whirlwind's shock ;
Whilst god-like from his monument on high
Looks Washington, with cold and marble eye, (2)
As the star banner nods along the line
From Massachusetts ; as once in olden time.

XXXIII.

Never before ! never but once 'till now
Shone such bright beauty on her fadeless brow
As when the Sixth, in battle pomp arrayed,
Shook in the streets of Baltimore its blade—
Like Spartan hero at Thermopylæ
When the proud Persian thundered o'er the sea
To Grecian shores—immortal stand the bold
Free Sons of Massachusetts ; as of old.

XXXIV.

Pass we the fearful scenes that crimsoned stand
Of Alexandria, where Ellsworth's band
Marched through her ancient streets in vengeful wrath
And spurned the traitor from their bloody path ;
As onward to the sea they slowly bore
Their ever-honored Chieftain now no more,
Who fell a victim on his country's shrine
The first, great off'ring to Secession's crime.

XXXV.

And Bethel's fight, near where the Fortress stands (3)
In glowing beauty on the Ocean's sands,
And Boonsville's battle, where the Rebel foe
Threw down their arms and fled like frightened roe ;
And Phillippi, where Lander, Kelly, bold,
Poured their loud thunders on the traitor's hold,
'Till mad Secession, fearful of defeat,
Turned in alarm and beat a quick retreat.

XXXVI.

As when the wat'ry particles that form
The ebon cloud descend in blackened storm
In midst of Summer, heralded by light
That shakes its blazing mane at dead of night:
Thus formed two armies vast of North, of South,
And brazen cannon ope their sulph'rous mouth ;
Met in fierce conflict 'mid the battle's van
When the brave Northman from the Southron ran.

XXXVII.

Moonbeams of silver flood the balmy night,
Tipping with shimmering rays ensigns of light,
And nodding plumes flash in the mellow beam
That falls in peace, on hill and winding stream ;
Whilst the long cavalcade with trampling feet
'Mid silence deep their solemn march they beat,
And dreaded ambulance lumbering by
Give warning voice that battle hour is nigh.

XXXVIII.

'Tis Sabbath morn ! and now from Parrott gun (4)
A shot announced the battle of Bull Run.
Along this sluggish flood the Rebel foe
Spread their gay banners in the morning's glow ;
Hills rise on hills behind this famous stream,
Whilst on its banks is seen the forest green ;
Eight miles in length the scaly serpent lies
Its burnished folds reflecting rainbow dyes.

XXIX.

When, hark ! along this stream the thunder roar :
Of cannon shakes the silence of its shore.
Here Hunter, Heintzleman, their iron tide
Hurl on the foe in fearful horror wide ;
Whilst gallant Sprague and Burnside on the foe
Sweep like the waves of Ocean in its flow ;
With Porter brave who in the dread advance
Spreads high the Stars that in the sunbeams glance.

XL.

And now the Regiment, Sixteen hundred strong,
Of Ireland's sons like lightning flash along,
By Corcoran led, from Tyler's gallant band,
That shake in face of foe their bay'nett brand ;
Followed by Thirteenth of New York, that fell
On Rebel hordes with thunder tramp and mad'ning yell;
Their voices mingled with the Highland braves
And dread Wisconsin's shouts like rushing waves.

XLI.

From the hot skies the pulsing ether shines
'Mid fiercest fires upon the battling lines.
And now the strife in all its horror spreads,
That strews the plain with hundreds of the dead.
Bright Minnesota's sons are seen in fight,
In double-quick they move 'mid battle light ;
Whilst from the gory field the Fire Zouaves
In terror fly like fast receding waves.

XLII.

But Rickett's, Griffin's batry's echo loud
And spread o'er purple field a bloody shroud ;
And little Rhoda sends her storm of ball
On Rebel hosts that 'neath her thunders' fall.
Here Sherman, Keys, led on their gallant band
In fiercest fight, with terror swept the land ;
And now as Summer's Sun 'gins to decline
The Cross and Bars fade 'long their shattered line.

XLIII.

When lo! a cloud of dust is seen to rise
And nearer come along the heated skies ;
Whilst Beauregard rejoicing at the sight
That lifts the veil of darkness thick as night ;
Turns the wild tide of battle in his wrath
And sweeps the Union forces from his path ;
When Johnston's banners flout the burning sky
And war's loud tempests break in thunders night.

XLIV.

From this dread field the cannon's deaf'ning roar
Wakes answering echoes long Potomac's shore :
As when at Waterloo the Prussian tide
Spread its gay flag on Albion's weakened side ;
Thus Johnston's banners flash along his line,
Nodding their silken folds to martial chime ;
Whilst grim McDowell sees his army lost
And trampled 'neath the feet of Rebel host.

XLV.

Loud crash the cannon ; thund'ring are the feet
Of horse that press the footsteps of retreat ;
The flashing blade, the dust, and heat, and smoke,
In frightful terror on our columns broke,
One cry alone is heard above the rest
As golden Sun sinks in the purple West—
That cry rolled o'er the distant hills away,
“Our Capital's lost 'mid blood and battle spray.”

XLVI. .

Not lost, as yet ! for gallant Blenker stands
And checks at Centerville the flying bands ;
And now from all the skies the drenching rain
Pours its fierce flood upon th' ensanguin'd plain ;
And night, with wide-spread pinions flut'ring down,
Stays the pursuit with black and angry frown,
As now from all the field of horrors rise
The groan and shriek up to the wat'ry skies.

XLVII.

Such was the battle of Bull Run, that now
Spreads a dark cloud upon our Nation's brow,
And o'er electric wire on wing of light
Sped the sad news of that inglorious fight:
A burst of thunder—startling in its crash—
And lightning flames that in mid Winter flash,
Thus fell on Nation's ear the direful sound
Of coming woes and tempests gathering round.

XLVIII.

Dreadful this battle field ! as hundreds lie
In sleep of death beneath our Nation's eye.
Who that can tell what nameless horrors sprung
From that red field where banners strange were flung?
When the broad Stripes and ever glowing Stars
Were flaunted down by Southern Cross and Bars,
And torn by minie ball and shrieking shell
'Till paled their light in shades that round them fell.

XLIX.

They little thought how Alpine torrents swell
To mighty floods that fill the sunken dell,
And leap o'er Time's grey rocks in eddying tide
Spreading in whitened foam on ev'ry side ;
Or how the Avalanche, with fearful sweep,
Tramples the halmet 'neath its frozen feet,
As from the snowy top of mountain high
It glides in wrath and terror from the sky.

L.

These were Seceded States, that peerless shone
Like jewel bright in Orion's flashing zone—
Stars that had dazzled Europe's gazing eyes,
As on them looked with wonder and surprise.
Fadeless they seemed ; like seraph winged with light
And rivalled in their pride a Monarch's might ;
Vain of their wealth, that poured its plenteous spoil,
As floods expressed from bondsman's weary toil.

LI.

Like Lucifer were doomed to rise and fall—
Thrown to the dust from high celestial wall ;
Down where their fetters clank a thousand years
'Oerwhelmed with guilt and blood and scalding tears.
A just reward for all their mighty crime !
That darker grows as strikes the clock of time,
Echoing through coming years a warning cry
As ans'ring thunders speak long mountains high.

LII.

They heeded not the Negroe's quiv'ring form
That writhed in agony 'neath the pelting storm—
Like bird that flutters 'mid the batling blast
When the clear sky by tempest is o'ercast ;
For Cotton is their King ! with golden crown
And to his mandate Chivalry bows down
And licks the dust, then stretching upward high
Darts the red lightning from his fir'y eye

LIII.

Who that hath read of fairest States of Greece—
The land of glory in her days of peace—
When Art built up her costly marble piles
And Roman heroes sought her hundred isles,
To gather wisdom that from Egypt came
In robes of splendor, like the burning flame
That flashed before the eyes of Moses ; when
God smote Pharaoh for his Hebrew brethren.

LIV.

And feared not that some dreadful hidden fate
Might not our Nation's glory equal wait ;
Like that which overwhelmed the happy Greek
That hist'ry paints in colors all too weak ;
When torn by civil strife the Grecian power
Fell at Macedonian's feet in evil hour—
As on the plains of Chaeronea, waved (5)
His banners o'er the valiant hero's grave.

LV.

Europe stands gazing from her regal tower
And leaps her heart at waning of our power.
She prays in secret on her bed of down
That out of ours may rise a monarch's crown ;
That governments Republic may not stand
The shock of battles, and that sceptered hand
Alone may guide the tossing ship of state
O'er the rough billows raised by civil hate.

LVI.

And now the fearful strife begins to grow
Whilst mortal hatred animates our foe.
Remembrance of the past, glory yet to come
Like that which crowned the brow of Washington.
Armies are mustered at the dead of night
Along the hills and valleys in their might,
And clarion notes echo from distance far
Mingled with fife and drum ; wars messenger !

LVII.

The dormant power that in our Nation slept
Awoke to life and through its members crept—
The snowy hills of Maine and icy stream,
Felt the warm glow like Summers' noontide beam.
From ev'ry hamlet and from palace hall
Marches the soldier boy at Freedom's call;
Like swarm of bees, when some rude urchin's hand
Jars the sweet treasures of their num'rous band.

LVIII.

This mighty vict'ry leads them to suppose
That Northern freemen are unworthy foes,
And puffs them up with vanity and pride
As Autumn rains, that swell the river's tide;
But soon with blade and cannon's thund'ring roar
The Northman comes "three hundred thousand more"
With banners, flashing 'neath the silent sky
And he prepared to conquer, or to die.

LIX.

The North unconcious of the wicked wiles
That Chivalry had covered up with smiles,
Felt safe ; until the horrid din of arms ;
That fearful harbinger of dire alarms.
Her Arsenals were taken, Cities given up,
Whilst midnight treason filled the drunken cup
And pledged to States Confederate now
With all the pride of conquest on their brow.

LX.

Like lion slumb'ring in his jungle low
Unthinking of the cur or savage foe,
Until his ear is startled by the tread
Of hunter near the forest monarch's bed ;
He rouses up and shakes his dewy mane
And glares upon the foe with proud disdain,
Then growls terrific, and with sudden bound
Tears to the earth the tall and stately hound.

LXI.

The aged Scott, bow'd by the weight of years
Resigns his place in 'midst of all our fears ;
But leaves his mantle that through many a fight
Alarmed the Britton with its beams of light,
And in his place George B. McClellan stands
The honored Chief and takes supreme command—
Brings order out of Chaos ; calmy sees
Our Starry flag float gaily on the breeze.

LXII.

He who won bright laurels on the "Sacred soil,"
And saw the serpent Treason's folds uncoil
In West Virginia ; where the Cross and Bars
Paled in the light that flashed from Stripes and Stars.
This the young hero ! who once thoughtful gazed
Where wars red lightnings in Crimea blazed
On steel stormed battlements ; that crumbling bowed
Beneath the dread Artil'rys flaming shroud.

LXIII.

As when Napoleon from the Eastern clime
Saw his white eagle's in the sunbeams shine,
And heard a Nation's welcome upward rise
Like breaking thunders 'long the vaulted skies;
Thus George McClellan on an Autumn day
Heard the long shouts that floated far away,
O'er Old Virginia's Sun-lit hills; that threw
O'er distant vales their ever matchless hue.

LXIV.

A grand review where Bailey's cross roads lie
Fills with bright dreams the Chieftain's flashing eye—
A hundred thousand warriors gaze in pride
On one who boldly faced the battle's tide;
As 'long their glit'ring ranks in pomp arrayed
Gleamed in the sun-light brave McClellan's blade;
That flashed in vict'ry's van in after time,
Leading to honored graves his gallant line.

LXV.

Like panoramic view that strikes our eye
Then fades as gold cloud from the Summer sky ;
Thus this bright host, until their heavy tread
Wakens the echoes 'long the Jame's bed ;
And Yorktown, Antietam, Hanover, stand
With Fair Oaks, blood spots on his burnished brand ;
Whilst myriad voices roll along the sky
As the proud Chieftain's banners rustle by.

LXVI.

'Mid ghastly sights that fill the battle plain
Dreams of ambition flit across his brain,
As golden minarets in the sunbeams shine
Of Richmond gay in this the Southern clime—
But soon a shadow like the wing of night
Falls on his battle path of shim'ring light ;
Sinks his warm heart as on the whisp'ring breeze
No longer now his ensigns bright he sees.

LXVII.

The seven days fight in front of Richmond's gate,
Closed his career as by decree of fate,
And now the fallen Chieftain sees his star
Fade in the light of battle's flaming car.
Like the proud Corsican when allied power
Swept o'er the fields of France in evil hour ;
Turned with a sick'ning heart and pallid brow
To those false friends that all forsake him now.

LXVIII.

We leave him where the Historian's pen
In light of truth reveals the deeds of men :
Few were his faults, and for his country tried
To stem the billows dark of Rebel tide ;
Whil'st unseen hand threw 'round his noble form
The fatal chain that bowed him 'neath the storm—
Ambition finds its goal on light'ning feet
'Mid battle flames and thunders of defeat.

LXIX.

“ Time rolls his ceaseless course ! ” the year has fled
And mem’ry whispers of the fallen dead,
Who on the Altar of their country died
And shed for Freedom’s cause the hearts warm tide.
For them remembrance drops a silent tear
On the fresh grave that marks the closing year,
And plants for them the Amaranthine flower
That blooms eternal in celestial bower.

LXX.

Flash through the opal gates the frosted steeds
On their fleet course across the creaking meads ;
When lo ! the new year on its glit’ring car
Of polished ice that thunders from afar.
Countless the purple drops ; countless the tears
That fill the cup of wo in coming years ;
Countless the broken hearts, that oft have been
Reposing pillows for these myriad martyred men—

LXXI.

Morn dawns upon the sea ! and o'er the wave (6)
Floats the Star Banner cherished by the brave.
A thousand anxious hearts now beat once more
As mail-clad Monitor creeps along the shore,
Now dipping 'neath the flood its upper deck
And now scarce seen, an almost stranded wreck,
Yet fearless onward moves, toward the grim form
Whose iron sides withstood a Nation's storm.

LXXII.

On land the Fortress, like a star of night
Sits on her rocky throne begirt with light ;
Clear 'bove the wave the glit'ring shafts of day
Flash their bright fires that gild with gold the spray ;
Whilst on the sea in distance scathed and rent
Hovers the Fed'ral Fleet ; whose cannon sent
Their deadly missiles, ball, and shot, and shell,
That on the monster's armor harmless fell.

LXXIII.

And now from turrets side a wreath of smoke
Winds its light folds ; the Monitor has spoke !
O'er the blue wave the solid shot has sped,
Strikes the strange foe and sinks in Ocean's bed.
Then from the Merimack the thunders burst
Harmless as those of Monitor at first ;
Bound from their iron sides the pointed shot
And plunge 'mid Ocean's foam all hissing hot.

LXXIV.

Nearer they come ! like sulph'rous clouds on high
Laden with lightnings of the darkened sky.
Gun answers gun, and fierce projectiles glide
From dusky walls and fall in Ocean's tide,
Whilst from the Fed'ral Fleet the welcome sound
Of cannon rolls o'er the silent depth's profound,
'Mid smoke, and flame, and battle's phantom form,
Streams our old Flag ; proud mistress of the storm !—

LXXV.

As once of old when fearless Jones espied
The British Lion sleeping on the tide;
Man'd his war deck with true and Yankee tars
And saw the Lion crouch 'neath Stripes and Stars.
Forever live the noble and the brave!
Paul Jones who spread his banners o'er the wave,
And drove the mistress of the mighty seas
To recognise our flag in ev'ry breeze.—

LXXVI.

Maddened by loss of strength the monster now
Turns on the Monitor her iron prow.
Like huge Leviathan when the dread spear
Has fixed a ghastly wound and death is near;
Each beam and solid oaken timber feel
The jar and all her compact members reel,
Down sinks the Monitor, then up again
And sends her thunders o'er the tossing main.

LXXVII.

Crippled at last by well directed fire
The Merimack in rage seeks to retire.
Her massive walls are pierced and mailed sides
Receive in murmurs hoarse the gushing tides ;
And Worden of the Monitor now hears
A Nation's "well done" whispered in his ears,
As 'neath his blood besprinkled deck he lies
Like Ajax 'mong the Greeks, deprived of eyes.

LXXVIII.

Rejoicing thunders from the Fortress rise
And answering echoes greet the golden skies ;
Whilst from the Fed'ral fleet that's saved
The Banner of our Fathers proudly waved.
No fight-like this by Hist'ry's diamond pen
Was ever writ, nor deeds of warlike men,
Stand on the burning scroll of fame, like those
Who fought this battle 'gainst our Nation's foes—

LXXIX.

Lo ! Pittsburg Landing awful and sublime (7)
In mem'ry lives and will through coming time ;
Long as the Tennessee's bright waters run,
In music sweet beneath the glowing Sun ;
The battle field of Shiloh still the same,
Save the loud notes from cannon's wasting flame
And charging squadrons and the bayonets gleam,
That flashed its sloping terrors 'long this stream.

LXXX.

Light breaks upon the Tennessee ; when lo !
Upon our sleeping warriors rushed the foe,
Full seventy thousand strong ; an Ocean wave
Dashing in rage on our unconscious brave,—
With shout and cry and pandemonium yell
The Rebel hordes in dreadful fury fell
In glit'ring lines, that shone amid the light
Of morning's dawn terrific in the fight.

LXXXI.

The lightning flash of cannon and the gleam
Of burnished bay'nett lit this silver stream.
Right on they come! o'er Buckland's dread Brigade
Like pack of hungry wolves their onset made;
Onward they press! sweeping from their blood path
The Fed'ral thousands in their stormy wrath;
In vain the gallant Sherman fearless tried
To stay the flowing waves of Rebel tide.

LXXXII.

McClelland fills the gap by Buckland made
When the fierce Southron broke on his Brigade.
And now o'er all the field a mighty cry
From Rebel foe rolled 'long the Sabbath sky;
A shout of vict'ry mingled with the note
That booms in terror from the cannon's throat,
Swells 'bove the battle field, and Freedom sees
Her banners fade upon the sulph'rous breeze.

LXXXIII.

And now the Tennessee in beauty shines
Close in the rear of these our falling lines ;
When Dresser's bat'ry opes its thunder call
Of iron globes that on the Traitors fall.
'Tis twelve o'clock ! and now the Rebels hold
The camps of Sherman, McClernand, Prentiss bold ;
O'er the whole field, Treason's fearless band
Spread in wild fury ; flashing blade in hand :

LXXXIV.

Storm on our bannered left ; on steel clad right
When Johnston falls o'erwhelmed in endless night ;
Still on they come ! resistless as the waves
That crested move from Ocean's marble caves ;
When Webster with his crescent formed of fire,
Pours on their ranks that soon in rage retire
Back o'er the field ; when night, and stars, and sleep,
Hold strange communion, the Fed'ral Fleet,

LXXXV.

Meantime thunders its shot and howling shell
That on the Rebel host in wasting fury fell.
Night cometh on ! and the bright lamps above
That flashed in beauty on argent fields of love
Have faded out, and o'er the silent sky
The pinions black of tempest flutter by ;
And now from gun-boat ; from the murky air
The winged lightnings shake their flaming hair.

LXXXVI.

No peace, no rest, the Rebel columns know ;
For on them fall the thunders of the foe
Through the long hours, 'mid groan and dying shriek
That from the lips of pallor frightful break.
Day dawns once more on hill and stream, when lo !
Embattled squadrons flash in morning's glow,
And all along the rushing Tennessee
In beauty shines the Star Flag of the free.

LXXXVII.

Buell has come ! and now in burning rage
His shouting lines the Rebel host engage ;
And red Artil'ry storms upon the foe
Till the whole field is purpled o'er with woe.
Whilst Sherman moves along his iron ranks
'Mid shot and shell that thin his bleeding flanks ;
The spirit of the storm ! in terror dressed
As on the foe 'mid battle flames he press'd.

LXXXVIII.

And now the charging horse three thousand strong
On flying feet in splendor sweep along ;
Onward they dash, and backward fall the foe
Like ebbing waves confused of Ocean's flow.
Shiloh is won ! and Treason hides his head
'Neath folds of night whose pinions round him spread—
Bright flashed the waters of the Tennessee !
And bright the Stars that led to victory.

LXXXIX.

Like Roman hero when barbaric bands (8)
Swarmed o'er his classic fields like Ocean's sands ;
At Thrasymentus and at Cannæ strove
'Gainst Hannibal his far famed strength to prove ;
And thought as vict'ry Afric's standards crowned
And slaughtered thousands pressed the bloody ground ;
To spread his banners o'er old Carthage proud
Where golden sunbeams melt the fleecy cloud.

XC.

Thus Lee o'er Pennsylvania's honored soil
Casts his fierce eye and sees the tempting spoil ;
Unfurls his banners gay and forms his line
Of valiant men and takes his march sublime.
O'er rivers broad and cloud-capt mountains high
His trampling host is seen ; the patriot's eye,
Meantime follows his steps, until at length
He halts near Gettysburgh his Rebel strength.

XCI.

Between South Mountain and Catoctin high
Sleeps a rich vale where smiling beauties lie ;
At head of this on gentle Western slope
Of hill stands Gettysburgh ; not far remote
In murmurs sweet, a silver flowing stream
Glides toward Monocacy 'twixt banks of green.
Four roads diverge to East, North, South and West,
From this bright ville that gems the valley's crest.

XCII.

Near by ; the Ceniety Hill where sleep
The dead of Gettysburgh in silence deep.
North-west of this a wooded skirted crest
Stands sloping South in Summer verdure drest ;
Whilst South of Gettysburgh a mile or more
Two hills are seen ; our place for Signal Corps.
On Seminary Ridge the Rebels form
In serried ranks famed Gettysburgh to storm.

XCIII.

From Cemetery Hill the Stripes and Stars
Send proud defiance to the Cross and Bars.
Here Steinwehr's, Howard's ever trusty band
Stand on this wooded hight with blade in hand ;
Whilst Wadsworth, New York's gallant chief,
On Howard's right stands out in bold relief ;
Thus formed, on July first the rolling flood
Of battle swept o'er garments died in blood.

XCIV.

Morn dawns upon the hills ! and Buford sees
Our Nation's banner flutter on the breeze.
Ten thousand horse ! ten thousand sabres ring,
As on through Gettysburg like tigers spring ;
O'er stony streets their clat'ring footsteps sound
As on they sweep ; whilst from the woods around
A sudden flash of light spreads far and wide
Like lightning's wing when warring tempests ride.

XCV.

From all the sleepy hills the Rebels swarm
In fiercest rage to meet the coming storm,
And from the heights the direful missiles fall ;
The shrieking shell and whizzing minie ball ;
When lo ! the dread Brigade called Iron, flashed
In armor bright as on the foe they dashed ;
And when they met ; a bloody slaughter spread
The verdant plain ; like Autumn leaves, with dead.

XCVI.

All day they fought, mid storms of hurtling lead,
Stood the Brigade ; at last it broke and fled ;
Back through blood-washed Gettysburgh ; when night
Spread its dark wing and put an end to fight.
Torn and all shattered stood the old Brigade
On Cemetery Hill ; death had reckless made
His furrows through its iron ranks ; and now
It read its roll of lost, with pallid brow.

XCVII.

Through the long hours the Foe's exultant cry
Swelled on the warm breeze; mad'ning to the sky.
But timely aid came in the dead of night
And morning dawned upon a glorious sight.
The Corps of Slocum and of Sickles proud
Shone in steel armor like a sun-lit cloud;
As the bright day beams touched the wing of night
And chased the shadows dim with spears of light.

XCVIII.

Like crested wave that shines on Ocean's tide
Full on our left brave Longstreet moves in pride.
His Cross and Bars float gaily on the breeze
As whitened sail that flutters on the seas.
His coming is announced by cannon's breath
That pours its storm of iron winged with death;
Onward they come! when suddenly a flash
Of light, and then the dread Artill'rys crash

XCIX.

Like leaping thunders 'long the mountains base
Led on by lightnings in their fi'ry chase
From hundred guns ; that frown upon the hight
Of Round Top Hill ; grim champions of the fight.
The Rebels meet at foot of hill the gallant band
Of Barnes that like a rock 'mid Ocean stand.
Here fought with bloody brow the sons of Maine ;
And here on History's page stand out the name

C.

Of Pennsylvania's sons, and New York's brave,
With those of Michigan ; no coward slave
Is found ; whilst Treason with his gory hand
Shakes 'neath the folds of Freedom's flag his brand.
Onward they press ! thundering is the roar
Of gun, and red the field with human gore.
Shrieks fill the air, and cries of anguish rise
On breeze of Summer tearful to the skies.

CI.

Death rides in terror on his pallid steed
For lo! the Fourth and Fifth Brigades by Mead
Now ordered up; to clear the Round Top hight
That stands in 'midst of horrors dark as night.
And now the sons of Pennsylvania wheel
In line, with stony heart and hand of steel,
Headed by Crawford, whose peerless soul
Sees the red storm of battle round him roll.

CII.

O'er heaps of dead they press their steady way
Up the steep hill, when like the billowy play
Of waves; they leap on points of steel of foe
And send the shouts of victory far below.
Down the steep hill of Round Top, bleeding, fly
The Rebel hordes; whilst Pennsylvania's cry
Thunders upon their rear. Round Top is ours!
Blushing in blood and bathed in battle showers.

CIII.

Low in the sky the mythic car of gold
On burnished wheels in matchless splendor rolled—
As Ewell stormed upon our waiting right
Where noble Howard stands with brow of light.
Dreadful they fought, until the god of day
Halted his steeds behind the drifts that lay
Close on the Western sky ; whence sunbeams fled
And left the field to darkness and the dead.

CIV.

Morn dawns again ! and thundering once more
The red Artil'ry flashes as before.
The heights are ours ! and now a storm of hail
Pours its dread missiles on their iron mail.
When lo ! the gallant Sickles, wounded now,
Through op'ning ranks is borne ; whilst on his brow
Sits stoic pride, a gift the gods once gave
To palliate the pangs that seize the brave.

CV.

The Rebel Lee at distance madly sees
Our standards bright float on the morning breeze;
When suddenly a storm unknown before
Like waves of Ocean breaking 'gainst the shore,
Beat on our steel-girt left; where Hancock stood
A target for the foe 'mid flame and blood.
'Tis Lee's last effort! Freedom lifts her hand
And shouts to all her children "firmly stand!"

CVI.

Horror's impersonation stalks sublime
In the last charge of this his shattered line.
'Mid shot, and shell, and bat'tle's stif'ling smoke,
The Rebel host in iron columns broke
Full on our bannered ranks, that like a rock
Received the pointed steel of bay'net shock;
As 'long our lines in flashing circles spread
A wreath of fire; the flame shroud of the dead!

CVII.

The Germans of the 'Leventh fall to the ground
And wait the charge that shakes the earth around.
From Seminary Hill a rolling tide
Floods like the wave o'er all the valley wide,
And as they near, quick springing to his feet,
The blue-eyed Northman pours his deadly sleet
Of ball and shell ; until the very sky
Seems vocal, with the groans of those that die.

CVIII.

Night settles down, and shadows softly spread.
Their funeral pall above the fallen dead.
Of Gettysburgh ; the foe meantime retreat
Back to their hills, from this their sad defeat—
Morn dawns once more, and o'er the silver arch
Flashes the sunbeam on its sportive march.
Contrast how great, to scenes of earth below
Where mortal meets in strife, his hated foe.

CIX.

Thrice hallowed Gettysburgh ! that quiet lies
'Neath Pennsylvania's clear and shining skies.
On History's page thy name will ever stand
Like Marathon of old in Grecian land—
Here Freedom fought the oppressor, and here
All honored rest the brave. Each coming year
Adds laurels fresh to deck this sacred spot
Where fell in battle's van the unforgot.

CX.

Years glide along, and Treason gains apace
And Foreign Powers respect the guilty race.
All things seem doubtful to the Union cause
When Mississippi echoes loud applause.
“ Vicksburg has fallen ! ” thunders to the sea ;
The strongest hold of Southern Chivalry,
And “ Grant the Victor ” shouts a Nation's voice
As the brave sons of Freedom now rejoice.

CXI.

Virginia's sacred soil's, the battle ground
And roll of musket shakes her wilds profound.
The wilderness ; with verdure overspread
Opens its bosom to receive the dead.
Here Sedgwick leaves behind an honored name
And Wadsworth lives upon the scroll of fame ;
Renowned heroes ! that through coming time
Will godlike stand on Freedom's mount sublime.

CXII.

And Grant the hero moves in stoic pride
Along the ranks amid the fir'y tide ;
Wheels his vast columns as at game of chess
And drives the foe throughout the Wilderness.
Line after line is seen to falter now
As Grant stalks on with terror on his brow ;
More like a demon of the realms below
He thunders all his guns upon the foe.

CXIII.

Backward they fall; and silken banners fly
Of Freedom, neath the light of Southern sky."
"The Wilderness is ours!" the joyful note;
Here Treason felt a Nation's lightning stroke.
But O! the dead, the soldier unforget,
Buried whereon he fell; a hallowed spot!
'Neath stately trees that spread their branches high
As if for heroes fitting canopy.

CXIV.

Grant presses on to Richmond's iron gate
And there sits down his subtle foe to wait,
And waits he long; no foe to meet him come;
Silenced the cannons crash, the beat of drum.
Rests the tired soldier from the battle's roar
Behind his earth-work, red with human gore,
And now on fancie's wing lighter than air
He sees his kindred kneel in silent prayer,

CXV.

On fav'rit spot in quiet wooded dell
Where the bright waters laughed and sparkling fell
From murm'ring rivulet, like silver clear
That broke in music on his boyish ear.
Here now his lovely sister meekly stands
And clasps in earnest prayer her snowy hands,
Pleading for him who sleeps on tented field ;
“ May God my brother from the bullet shield.”

CXVI.

Leave we these gallant soldiers on the ground
And listen to the wild and meaning sound
That swells from stormed Atlanta. In his wrath
Bold Sherman drives the Traitor's from his path,
And soon is heard in thunders loud and clear
That strike like music on the patriot's ear ;
“ Atlanta's fallen ! ” Secession lifts its head
Appalled with fear and sick'ning horrors dread.

CXVII.

The hero waits not; but suddenly wheels,
And like the Eagle in celestial fields,
Shakes his dark plumes and proudly soars away;
Where Ocean greets in murmurs hoarse the day.
To gallant Thomas leaves the Traitor Hood
And all his vile band—a numerous brood—
He gathers up his children, warriors true,
And onward to the sea he marches through.

CXVIII.

One morn stratched out upon the bloody ground
A squad of Northmen lay in sleep profound;
Deep gashes 'round their throats expressed their doom
And labelled thus “this fate for all that come.”
On reading which, bold Sherman frowning stared
And fiercer than the hungry lion glared:
He spread his wings like vulture in his wrath
Full sixty miles, and burned a fearful path.

CXIX.

Fair fields and splendid palaces that rose
Proud domes of princes wasting flames enclose.
The avenging Nemesis her sceptre bore
And burned a track to Ocean's sandy shore ;
Leaving a path of desolation wide
As Lava's down the mountain's hoary side,
When the hot flames of Ætna melt their way
Through verdant fields o'erwhelmed 'neath fi'ry spray.

CXX.

Thus stalked he on, like Atilla, and bore
His standard to old Ocean's sounding shore ;
Spread high to heaven the banner of the Stars
That scared away Secession's Cross and Bars.
Cities flung wide their gates when Sherman came
Or saw at once their dwellings wrapt in flame ;
For he could not forget the gallant slain
Whose throats were cut on hostile Southern plain.

CXXI.

All honor to bold Sherman and his boys !
Who scattered wide Secession's gathered toys ;
And drove the Traitor from his home of ease ,
As mountain storm the gentle Southern breeze.
For him, Historic page forever glows
With deeds of valor o'er his COUNTRY's foes ;
And brightest garland that a Nation weaves
Will crown his brow with never fading leaves.

CXXII.

But there is one who leads the Cavalry van
Shenandoah's hero, gallant Sheridan !
Who fiercely rode his twenty miles that day (9)
And rolled the tide of battle far away ;
And halted columns on their homeward track,
Sending bold Early to his forest back ;
Ere the bright sun had reached his Western goal
He saw his broken ranks without control.

CXXIII.

He our Leonidas ! mountain passes keeps (10)
And lays his trophies at a Nation's feet,
Drives back the starving hordes that seek supply
Down the rich valley where the harvests lie.
Repels the wild guerrilla from his den
And spreads his banners high o'er hill and glen ;
Wherever Southern Traitor lurks at night ;
There gleams his sabre dreaded in the fight.

NOTES TO BOOK SECOND.

- (1) "O'er the blue wave and Sumpter's rocky wall."

"On Friday April 12th, 1861, at half past four A. M., a day and hour ever to be remembered in the History of the American Continent, a battery of heavy Columbiads on Sullivan's Island opened upon the Fort from which floated the Stars and Stripes of the Union, and was quickly followed by all the surrounding forts and batteries." See Kettells History of the Rebellion.

- (2) "Looks Washington with cold and marble eye."

There is a monument eighty feet in height, in Baltimore, erected to the memory of Washington, on the top of which stands the Father of his Country.

- (3) "And Bethels fight near where the Fortress stands."

Fortress Monroe like a gem, occupies a commanding position at or near the mouth of the James river; presenting a beautiful appearance from the water.

- (4) "'Tis Sabbath morn; and now from Parrott gun."

"The Sabbath morning broke warm and pleasant, and at six o'clock Tyler was in front of the Enemy's centre, and soon a thirty pound rifle Parrott gun—the signal agreed on by which he was to announce he was in position—awoke the morning echoes, and the shell bursting in mid air announced to the enemy that the decisive hour had come." See Headley's History of the Rebellion.

- (5) "As on the plains of Chæroneæ waved."

The battle of Chæroneæ was fought in the month of August, 338 B. C. It was here that Grecian liberty was cloven down. Phillip, King of Macedon, and Alexander his son fought the united forces of the Greeks. See L'Univers' Greece Par M. Pouqueville.

- (6) "Morn dawns upon the sea! and o'er the wave."

See Headley's description of this memorable sea fight between the Merimack and Monitor.

- (7) "Lo! Pittsburgh Landing awful and sublime."

The reader is referred to Headley's and Abbott's Histories of the great rebellion for a minute description of this battle.

- (8) "Like Roman hero when barbaric bands."

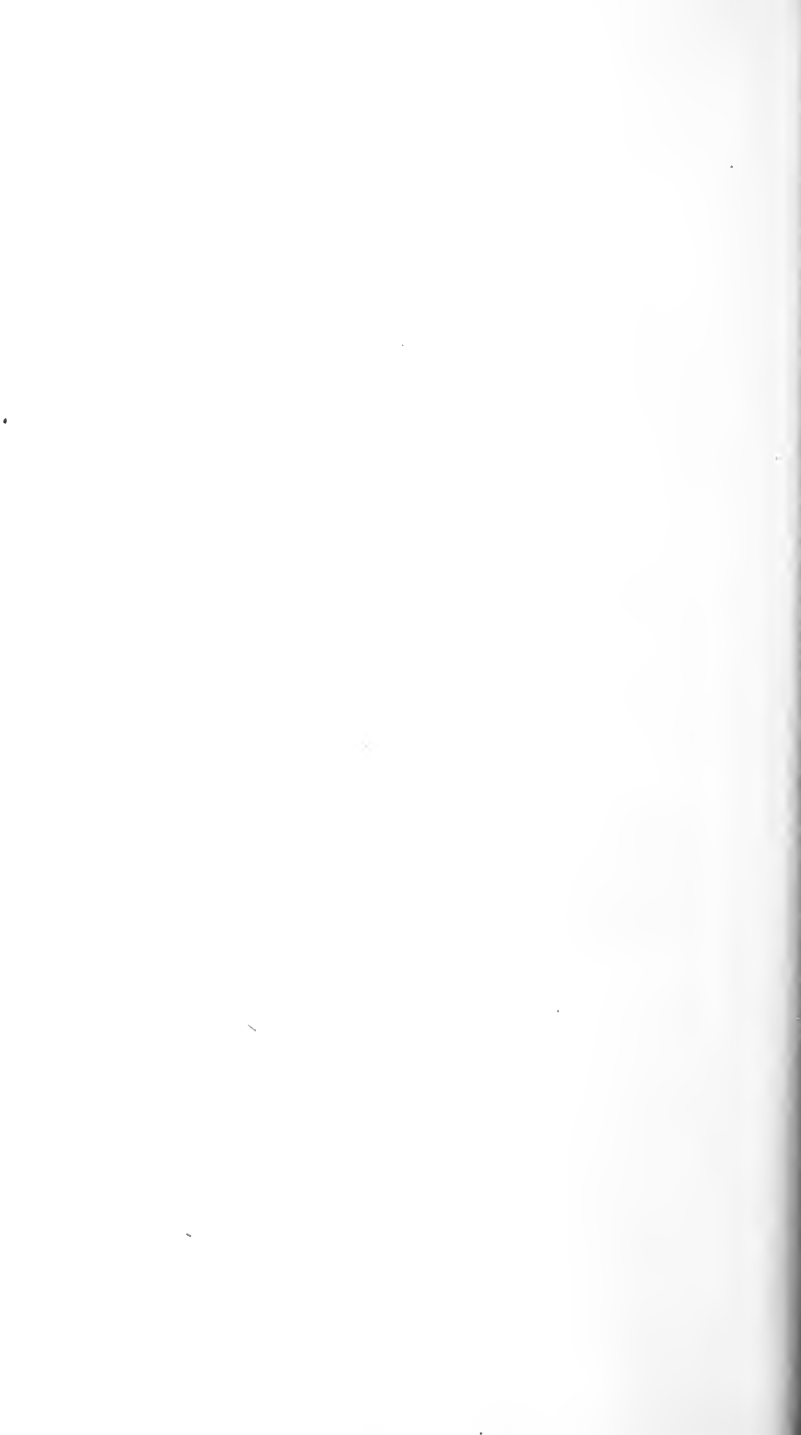
See Rollins Ancient History of the battle of Thrasymenus and Cannæ.

- (9) "Who fiercely rode his twenty mile that day."

A beautiful Poem by T. Buchanan Reid, on Sheridans ride on the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, as he right about faced the flying thousands that sought safety in flight from Earley's attack at dawn of day, under cover of a thick fog; describes the hero of the valley in glowing colors, as he rode his black charger over the stony pike from Winchester to the battle field.

- (10) "He, our Leonidas mountain passes keeps."

Leonidas the Spartan held the mountain defile of Thermopylie, with his three hundred, for three days against the Persian army under Xerxes. See L'Univers, Greece, Par M. Pouqueville.



BOOK THIRD.



HALLS OF PEACE.

BOOK THIRD.

"Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further."

I.

Hark to that mighty shout! a Nation's voice
Bids millions of her sons "rise and rejoice."
Richmond is ours, and Lee surrenders all
His valiant Chivalry; his banners fall
'Neath heavy blows of Union forces strong,
They reel and tremble in the cause of wrong;
'Till the whole South with one united cry,
Yield to the North the palm of victory—

II.

Where now is he of Afric's cloudless sky?
When words like these on wing of lightning fly.
Unshackled Afric! slav'ry's bitter years
Are numbered; we bid you dry your tears,
And count no more your hours of weary toil
Nor drops of blood that fatten Southern soil—
Your manacles, trample on the burning sands
And stretch to heaven your free unfettered hands!

III.

There is a land where mighty rivers run
And quivering flash beneath a blazing Sun ;
Whose waters roll o'er golden sands in pride
And break in silver waves their foaming tide—
A land where shadows wrap the Nation round
Like folds of night that cover sea profound ;
Though bright her skies above, in beauty bright,
And bluest curtains set with gems of light.

VI.

From this far-seeing Science took her flight
And left her home in gloom of darkest night ;
Where Art no longer smiles with outstretched hands
As if to raise her domes on Afric's sands.
Both from her shores have silent passed away
As fade the stars at dawn of coming day ;
Together they have fled ; once more to bring
To Afric's land their gifts on snowy wing.

V.

Take thou the Cross with Science and with Art
And plant the first in each her children's heart.
With Art and Science build around her shores
The walls of Freedom girt for evermore
With banners bright ; that coming years may tell
How the blood shackles from the Afric fell ;
When Right 'gainst Wrong her burnished falchion drew
And with one blow the Hydra-monster slew.

VI.

Great Source of light ! to thee we can but give
Thanks that our Nation's virtues yet survive—
That o'er the waves our gallant ship of State
Has reached her port in spite of Treason's hate.
Spreads her white sails to catch the swelling breeze
And bounds away once more upon the seas ;
That Nations recognise our mighty power,
Unshorn our strength in Treason's brightest hour.

VII.

E'en whilst we thus rejoice and praises sing
Th' assassin's ball is on its rapid wing, (1)
And Lincoln, stretched upon his bed of death
Yields to the Southron's rage his fleeting breath—
Flash o'er the wires the dreadful news that tell
How our loved President by Treason fell;
Whilst sorrow, deep, sincere, our Nation shrouds
Like night that settles down from leaden clouds.

VIII.

Thus Moses when he brought the Hebrews through
Egyptian woes and mountain waves of blue,
Gazed on the promised land with joyful eye
Then turned him 'round and sought a spot to die.
Heaven had for him reserved a better place,
In halls majestic, where the Seraph's face
Shines in the rays that fall from boundless love,
On bright Elysian fields in realms above.

IX.

Lincoln it was who broke the oppressor's rod !
The shame of Nations and condemned by God,
That Freedom gave to ev'ry darkened slave
From shores Atlantic to Pacific's wave.
To him our Nation owes its vital power
And he assailed, at such glorious hour !
When all rejoice at Freedom's honored shrine
With songs that echo far in strains sublime.

X.

Such the decree of heaven ! and we must bow
To unseen hand that all unmans us now.
We feel to mourn our Nation's untold loss
Just at a time when countless hosts rejoice ;
When Peace spreads wide her gold-bound wings
And grateful off'rings to her Altar brings—
Lo ! the meek goddess from the star-built sky
Waves her green olive bough of peace on high.

XI.

O Chivalry! thy days are numbered o'er
And slain thy sons lie welt'ring in their gore—
On many a battle field their graves are seen
And o'er them wild is heard the vulture's scream.
For them no costly marble greets the eye
No "well done faithful" strikes the vaulted sky;
But darkness with its ever nodding plume
Bends o'er the Traitor's grave with rayless gloom.

XII.

Behold the gladsome change! friendship once more
And love rejoice where hatred dwelt before—
Returning soldier's tread their fields in peace;
A Nation's bulwark! resting now at ease,
And from Pacific's waves that flashing bound
Round to the frozen shores of Brunswick's ground;
The freeman sleeps; unterrified at night,
Unwoke by Treason's rifle blaze of light.

XIII.

His arms, the soldier hangs upon the wall ;
His fighting days are o'er, and trumpet-call,
No longer starts him from his dusty bed
To hear the sabre-clang around his head—
Tired warrior rest ! thy bloody work is done
Of four years strife, and lightning-flash of gun,
Has ceased to blaze ; everliving now
The victor's laurel wreath adorns thy brow.

XIV.

Dream not of those who in the battle fell
For sweet their sleep, and with them, it is well.
With thee perchance they struggled side by side
And braved with thee the charging squadron's tide ;
Or met the bay'nett's rude and deadly jar
Herald of blood ! that shines in fields afar ;
Or blown to atoms by the cannon's breath
That scattered wide its shrieking globes of death.

XV.

From home and friends they lie in quiet sleep ;
Some in Wilderness 'neath the forest deep,
Others on broad and shining fields now rest
And light the turf that presses on their breast.
And when at night the moon's bright beams
Fall in long lines on wood, and winding stream,
Spirits celestial tread their nightly round
And guard from harm these heroes underground—

XVI.

Lo ! fairer fields than wars on either side
That spread their carpets green as if to hide,
From searching eye of Av'rice ; gems and gold
That shine on El Dorado's hills of old.
Unvalued wealth in days of peace is found
When commerce spreads her sail o'er seas profound,
And plowman haply turns the fertile soil
That pays him back for days of hardy toil.

XVII.

Peace with her ever cheerful, bounteous hand
Plants the fair garden in the desert sand,
And where the forest in its leafy pride
Hung out its banners green on ev'ry side,
The golden harvest bends its heavy ear
And fills with hope and joy the coming year.
In battle hour ; Mars shakes his bloody brand
And deepest shadows hover o'er the land.

XVIII.

But when the dawn of peace begins to rise
And spread its silver wing amid the skies ;
Then life at once seems suddenly to glow
And shed a luster pure on all below.
The lab'ring peasant weary from his lot
Seeks his bright home although an humble cot ;
Where his fond offspring climb a parent's knee
And chase the flying hours with childish glee.

XIX.

And yellow fields that toss their golden locks
With meadows broad ; the home of num'rous flocks,
All these are seen in quiet days of peace
When wars loud thunders o'er a Nation cease—
'Tis then that happiness and love unite
Their sacred hands in robes of snowy white ;
Pledge to each other in the purple grape
That springs from fields once waste and desolate.

XX.

And is this all ? behold yon mountain hight
Whose top is shining in a blaze of light ;
Whose base is half a continent ; that shocks
The gazer on this citadel of rocks.
Lo ! once again and 'long its granite base
The Iron Courser on his lightning race (2)
Thunders along, and drags a hundred cars
Whose circling wheels the Rocky Mountain jar.

XXI.

Takes his flight onward where Pacific's wave
Flashes like silver on the strand it laves,
And neighs terrific as he snuffs the breeze
That wafts its perfume from the glowing seas.
From shores Atlantic this wild courser came
With hoof of steel and nostril all on flame ;
Tossing his fir'y mane as on he sweeps
Like tempest ; when it thunders o'er the deep.

XXII.

O'er fearful gulfs ; through thickets dark and high
This monster breaks with loud and piercing cry,
And seems a demon on his sounding track
Clothed as he is in flame and garb of black.
Peace claps her hands rejoicing at the sight ;
Then points to fields where armies meet in fight ;
And asks if deeds of all that warring host
Can with this horse compare ? her proudest boast !

XXIII.

In peace the mountains bow their clouded heads
And chasms fearful rise above their beds ;
Whilst o'er the river's deep and rapid stream,
The engineer has thrown his massy beam,
Spanning the waves, that Nation's may go o'er
And visit realms, that bind opposing shore,
No longer strangers to each other now ;
For coronal of peace shines on their brow.

XXIV.

But who are they in chambers of the sea ?
That walk beneath its waters wild and free,
In search of wealth, that lies below the deep
In coral caverns in the arms of sleep.
These are the sons of peace ; who boldly came
To light these palaces with lamps of flame ;
Who tread in silence Ocean's sandy floor
Deep down where storms and tempests cease to roar ;

XXV.

Or fol'wing Leviathan's foaming path
Through glowing seas and Ocean's billowy wrath ;
With spear in hand his scaly hide to pierce
And haul 'long side their bark the monster fierce.
Their soul no terrors of the Arctic fright,
Nor equatorial Sun, nor starlees night—
Men of the wave and iceberg ; batling free
'Gainst elements ; honored sons of liberty !

XXVI.

Or trace them where the chill and icy Pole
Shakes its white locks that terrify the soul.
Behold them in the bleak and marble air
In search of Franklin ; 'posed by Northern bear ;
Or sleeping in Esquimaux ^{my}sow_y bed
With block of ice beneath their throbbing head ;
Land of perpetual frost ! where tempests hoar
Howl their long night around their cabin door.

XXVII.

Or see them stretch the cables lengthened wire
The track of thought on wing of flaming fire,
Down 'neath the slip'ry rocks that frowning rise
Above the deep and emulate the skies—
Along the coral forest 'neath the wave
These children lay the thought path of the brave;
From coast to coast the telegraphic line
Bends under words that flash from clime to clime.

XXVIII.

And now 'neath clouds the Bow of promise glows,
No charging hosts, nor ranks of hated foes;
All is at peace; along the Ocean's shore
The howl of war-dog echoes nevermore.
Frown our grim cannon o'er the reeling wave
In proud protection of a Nation brave;
From ev'ry battlement and fortress high
Floats the Star-Banner, to the joyous sky.

XXIX.

Welcome! thrice welcome ! Goddess of the bough
Thy reign of Peace be ever with us now ;
Thy sceptre wave above our Nation's head
And sorrow with us cease for heroes dead—
The Great Republic stands on pillars high
And lightnings flash from her all watchful eye ;
Millions of freemen guard her palace gate
From civil strife and Monarch's deadly hate.

NOTES TO BOOK THIRD.

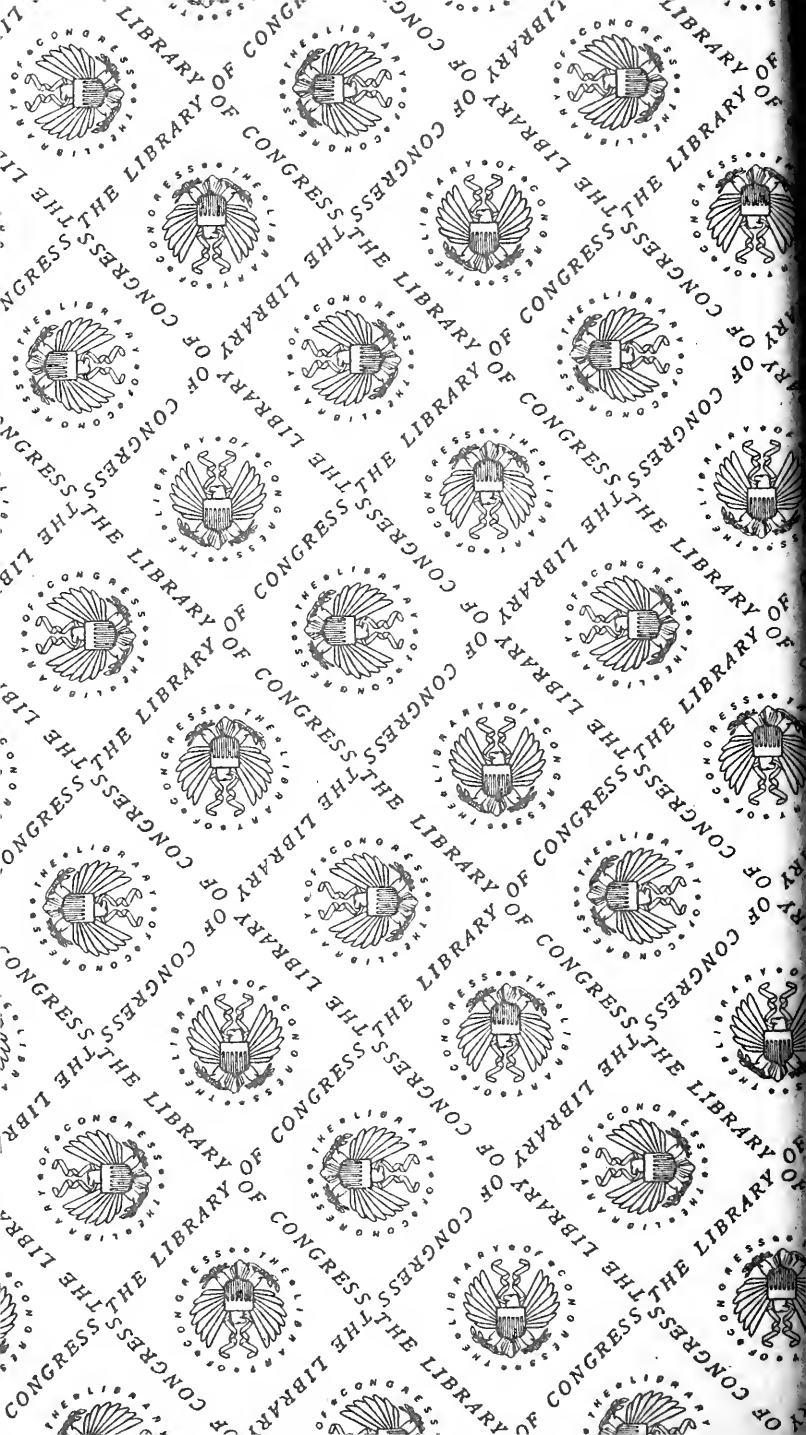
- (1) "Th' Assassin's ball is on its rapid wing."

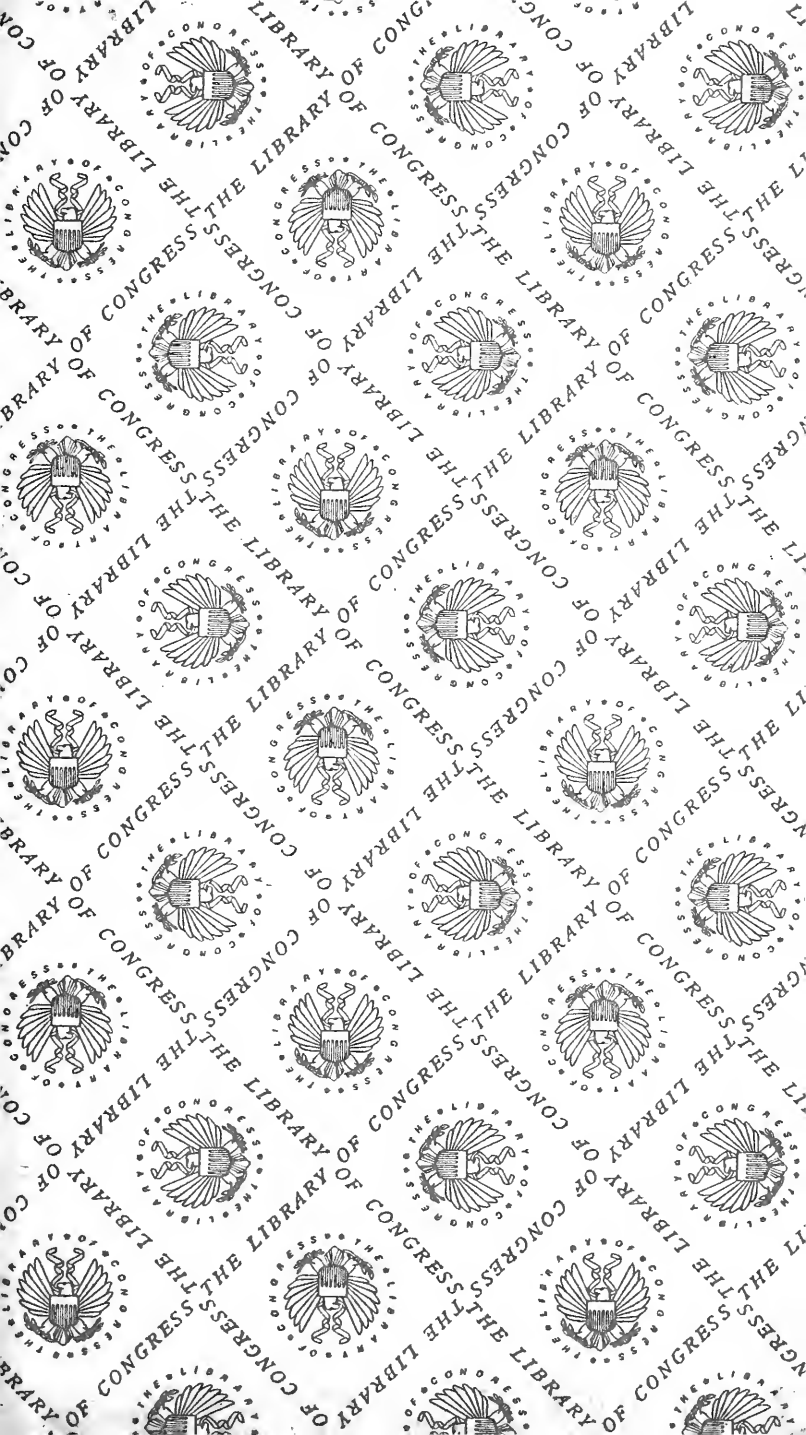
The Assassination of Lincoln by J. Wilkes Booth, at Fords Theatre, is too well known to require comment. The Author can only say that it was with a sorrowful heart that he stood beside the lifeless form of that great and good man, as it lay in State in our Nation's Capital.

- (2) "The Iron Courser on his lightning race."

Referring to the Great Pacific Railroad uniting the two Oceans.

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